THE DAILY PHŒNIX.

"LET OUR JUST CENSURE ATTEND THE TRUE EVENT."

By JULIAN A. SELBY. COLUMBIA, S. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1877. VOL. XIII. NO. 104.

KING JOHN OF ETHIOPIA.

Sketch of an African King's Splendor that Outshines the Arabian Nights—A Barbaric Banquet.

[From the London Spectator].

King John of Ethiopia is a striking and picturesque personage. As Kassa, Prince of Tigre, claiming equal descent with Theodorus from King Solomon, he figured largely in the Blue books which formed an exceedingly interesting but little read history of the events which preceded the Abyssinian expedition; and that impression is deepened by the account given by Mr. de Cosson—who, in company with the late Gen. Kirkham, visited King John at his camp, near Gondar, the ancient capital of Abyssinia, in 1873—of the king and his surroundings. The country, its people, their wives, and their faith, are not like any of the African types in other portions of the continent. They remind us of the Scriptures; the whole picture is like that of the tribes and the feuds which we find in the book of Genesis and the books of the Kings. Long before the king is reached, the traveler hears tales of him—his strength, his wisdom, and his prowess in war. At Axum, the former capital of Tigre, he is shown the great monolith, seventy feet high, and told how Kassa used to cast his heavy spear over it—a great feat to do with an ordinary lance—and still practises this exercise when he comes to Axum. There is little disposition to "forward" a traveler, the disposition to keep their country free from the stranger being as strong as ever in the Abyssians, but the king promises his help and protection to all who shall be properly recommended to him by the French consul at Massowah, and the reluctance of intervening personages has to give way.

When Mr. de Cosson had taken possession oi his tent, near the monarch's enclosure, the king sent him two jars full of a dreadful drinkable called tedge, fifty "breads," an antelope's horn full of salt and pepper, and a live cow, which was killed and cut up before his eyes, and the meat piled up inside the tent. He subsequently visited the house of Murcher, one of the king's interpreters, which was, like all the Abyssian houses, constructed of wood and branches, and there he saw a pretty sight, that of Murcher's horse forming one of the family circle. The beautiful, intelligent animal was lodged in a little thatched stall opening into the house, his neck adorned with a handsome chain, his food and drink given him at regular intervals in a clean earthen dish, the corn being the same as that of which the household bread was made; he was regarded as a cherished friend and comrade. After the civilities of the king's interpreters, came the good offices of the king's cook, who sent the honored guest four dishes of curry. The king's cook, who also acts as taster, is a great personage; he must be a priest, must have always led an irreproachable life, and is never permitted to marry.

Next day at dawn came one of the officers "Likamanguas," splendidly dressed in a robe of flowered silk, with an India muslin *kuarie*, and silver-mounted pistols in his sash, to inquire after the traveler's health in his majesty's name. He was one of those who have the priviiege of wearing the same dress as his sovereign, and the dangerous distinction of going into battle similarly armed, so that the royal person may not be distinguished. Early in the afternoon came Maderakal, another interpreter, attended by an esquire, bearing the royal sword and shield, to conduct the stranger to the king's banqueting hall. Drums and trumpets sounded; a salute was fired from a battery of brass howitzers as the guest entered the wooden, rush-roofed building, of oblong form and vast extent, with a double colonnade of tree trunks leading to the center, where, on a divan, raised high and draped with purple velvet, sat King John of Ethiopia, cross-legged, a pair of English rifles, cocked and loaded, resting on the cushions to left and right of him, and his slippers of solid silver filagree on the carpet before him. By his side was a beautiful sword, with a sheath of velvet and enamel; on his head the great triple crown of Ethiopia flashed with gold and jewels; his robe was a cloth of silver, and over his brows hung a long veil of crimson silk, worn under the crown and falling in heavy folds round the face. The barbaric splendor of that scene was perfect in every respect. Here are Mr. de Cosson's words, which fall, he says, far short of his impressions: "On either side of the throne stood two gigantir eunuchs, clad in shirts of purple and green silk, and holding drawn sabres. A swarthy guard of honor, dressed with equal magnificence, stood also with drawn sabres, behind; while all around crowded the great officers of state and noted warriors, in long robes of silk and velvet of every color, the scarlet scabbards of their swords gleaming with gold and silver filagree, and their necks adorned with the skins of the lion and black panther. The air shook with the wild notes of the trumpets and the roll of the drums."

When Mr. de Cosson reached the throne and bowed, King John shook hands with him, and bade him welcome. Then the whole company seated themselves on the carpets (some which our queen had sent to Kassa, Prince of Tigre), and the next arrival was of special interest. It was that of Ras Wareuia, who had ruled over all Amhara as an absolute prince until subdued by King John. He presented a most striking figure as he walked up the center of the hall, a rifle in one hand and a richly ornamented shield in the other. The conquered Ras, tall, stout, very handsome, wore a splendid tippet of black panther skin, enriched with clasps and bosses of gold filigree, which the king had just given him; a robe of the richest silk; on his right wrist a silver-gilt gauntlet, studded with gems—an especial mark of the king's favor; a splendid sword, and his carefully plaited hair was covered with a thin piece of white muslin, attached by a golden pin. His feet, like those of all present, were bare. Among the wild and splendid crowd was a veteran warrior, the oldest of the king's personal attendants, whose ninety years had not dimmed the fire in his dark eyes nor bowed the gaunt, tall figure, almost as straight as the silver matchlock in his hand, whose gray beard mingled with the tawny mane of the lion's skin thrown over his shoulder, and whose locks were bound with a silver crown. It is difficult to imagine this splendid assemblage sitting about the throne of the king, who is a great soldier, a just judge, and a powerful ruler; of distinguished and refined appearance, a fine horseman, a mastor of all athletic exercises; alike learned and practical in his religion, interested in other countries, and unquestionably the ablest prince who has been allotted to his own; and after an Arabian Night-like incident—*i. e.*, the passing of a long line of slaves bearing on their heads baskets covered with red cloth, containing flat cakes called "tef," of of which they deposit one before each of the principal guests—all the effect of the beautiful and poetical scene being dispersed by the following proceedings.

Meanwhile several cows had been slaughtered on the threshold of the hall, and large hunks of the raw and smoking meat were placed on the baskets, the stranger guest being first served. Two attendants then went round, one distributing knives from a case he carried at his side, and the other offering an antelope's horn full of mixed salt and red pepper, for us to season the meat with. All the company then set to, and began to devour the raw cow's flesh with the greatest avidity." This barbaric banquet, with all its accessories of silken robes, beautiful weapons, delicate fabrics, rich gems, dark, handsome faces with gleaming eyes and teeth, and braided hair, the scene a camp, and the guests fierce warriors, a conquered chieftain, and an English officer, is a combination whereon to exercise the liveliest fancy.

The Latest Things in Fans.

There is very little difference in fans; the latest are straight sticks, instead of curved. In lace fans, the newest combines lace exquisitely fine paintings on silk gauze; the pattern of the lace made with a view to answer as a framework for the pictures. There are generally one large one in the center, and a smaller in the left-hand corner. One in rocco style was seen with wrought pearl sticks. The fan itself was kid, beautifully painted. This came as high as $200. Sticks of opal pearl are considered quite *comme il faut* for lace fans this year. For ladies in lighter mourning, smoked pearl sticks, covered with black lace, except in the center and left side, which contain exquisite paintings on black gauze, are all the rage. Albert, the celebrated French fan painter, now puts his name in the lower right or left hand corner of the painting, in imitation of his brother artists on a large scale; of course the penchant for everything *a la* Japanese finds a ready outlet in fans; the expensive ones in ivory with raised gold or silver lacquer work, are more attractive as an object of beauty, though for their usefulness being rather heavy. The tortoise shells in the same styles are very handsome, but expensive—none less than $100.—*London Truth.*

A Successful Farmer's Opinion.

Mr. Harris Lewis, a well known dairyman of Herkimer county, N. Y., at a dairymen's meeting at Ingersoll, Canada, remarked as follows: "I hold that every man, woman and child is fitted by nature to perform some act or discharge some one duty in life better than any other. But man in his ignorance often thwart's nature's operations and designs, and turns them to worse than useless purposes. Many parents seem to look upon labor as degrading, and try to find some higher place for their children, rather than encourage engaging in useful labor. It is a sad picture, I know, it is the case with many in the United States. I hope it is not so on this side of the line. Now, to succeed in any business, calling or profession, there must be more or less adaptation for that particular business or calling and a love for it."

Lost for Twenty-eight Years.

It does not often occur that brothers live twenty-eight years in ignorance of each other's whereabouts and then are brought together by chance. Dr. Stark, who lives in Cincinnati, was born in the city of Turnowitz, Prussia, where his mother and relatives are still residing. Twenty-eight years ago his younger brother, Henry Hermann Stark, for some misdemeanor, was chastised by his father. Henry was eight years of age at that time, and boy-like took the punishment so much to heart that he ran away from home. No one could obtain a trace of the missing lad, though diligent search was made. Ten years later his folks heard that he was living in Paris with a family named Pappenheim, who had adopted him and were educating him as one of their children. A few years later all trace of the runaway was again lost, and when the elder Stark died, about nine years ago, his widow found herself, under the law of Prussia, unable to sell any of her deceased husband's property on account of the lost son. Meanwhile Dr. Stark had grown to manhood, came to Cincinnati, and began the practice of medicine, since which time he has, by his skill and energy, built up a large business. About ten months ago he fell in with a gentleman from London, who was visiting Cincinnati. In the course of their conversation, one day, the Englishman asked him if he had a brother living in London. Dr. Stark answered in the negative. The Englishman said that he asked, for the reason that he knew a physician in London who looked as much like Dr. Stark as though they were brothers. When the Englishman went back to London he carried with him a photograph of Dr. Stark for the purpose of showing it to the London physician, whom he employed professionally in his family. This physician's name, by the way, was Henry Hermann. Three months ago Dr. Hermann wrote to Dr. Stark and asked for a history of his family and pedigree. Dr. Stark replied, setting forth in full his family history, and among other things, narrated the story of his lost brother. By return mail he received a letter from Dr. Hermann in which he stated that he was the lost brother and that he would immediately visit his mother in Prussia. That visit has been made, and he is now *en route* to this country on a visit to Dr. Stark. After he left home he dropped his family name and retained only Henry Hermann, by which he was ever after known.

Wood and the Herald Founder.

Wood started out at twenty-four years old to whip James Gordon Bennett, who, in revenge for the defeat of a police judge by Wood's crowd, the judge being in the habit of giving items to the *Herald*, published the leading editorial against Ben Wood. "I bought myself a cowhide," said Ben, "and slipped it into an umbrella. As I went toward the *Herald* office I thought I saw people pointing at me who had read the *Herald's* excoriation, for it was the first time I had ever been abused. I climbed to the office and thrust the article into Bennett's face: 'Did you write that?' He looked up and said, without flinching: 'Young man, what is your name?' 'Wood!' He looked at me with affected surprise. 'And how old may you be?' 'Twenty-four, but what's it of your business?' 'Twenty-four!' exclaimed Bennet, 'twenty-four! And already arrived to such political distinction as to receive the leading editorial notice of a paper of the circulation of the New York *Herald!* Young man, it ought to be the proudest day of your life!' And, by George! he flattered me clear down those stairs—beat me by brains and good acting."

Years after that Wood, while publishing the *News*, was fiercely arraigned by Bennett. In return Wood published day after day the opinions of great men on Bennett. One day Count Johannes, a very credulous, cracked man, who was in the habit of visiting Bennett at Washington, said: "Mr. Wood, you grieve Mr. Bennett. Let me make it up. Come to Fort Washington and see the *Herald* chief. You ought to be friends." "Count," said Wood, "I would not feel justified in going there. But I would like to give a dinner on my birthday to the four most eminent men of this age. You can fix it for me! I want you, of course, as one; Mr. Bennett for another, and George Francis Train and Colorado Jewett!" "I think I can fix it," said the count, greatly flattered. He came back next day. "Well," now said Wood, "is it all arranged, count?" "I don't think Mr. Bennett was in good humor yesterday," said the count, reflectively. "Why, what did he say?" "He said: 'Count, Ben Wud is making a big fool of ee!"—*Philadelphia Times.*

On the road leading from the Whitman mine to the old town of Como, Nevada, there is a rock the profile of which has so singular resemblance to the profile of Washington that from a certain point of view the most careless observer cannot fail to note the likeness.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Profitable Corn Growing.

The average yield of the corn crop is about twenty-seven bushels per acre for the whole country. This includes the large yield of the rich prairie States where an average of forty to fifty bushels per acre is usual. In the Eastern, Middle and Southern States, the yield is very low and on the whole does not surpass fifteen bushels per acre. Yet in isolated cases in these States many good farmers produce seventy, eighty or even one hundred bushels per acre, and many ambitious farmers are trying to reach a higher limit yet. This is not at all impossible; it is not even improbable. It is reasonable to go further and say that the very high yield is not at all difficult to attain. Indeed it is very easy to figure out a crop of one hundred bushels of shelled corn per acre, and we do not think it much less easy to reduce the figuring to practice. Thus if we can grow three stalks to a hill, with the hills three and a half feet apart, we have 3,700 hills and 11,100 stalks per acre. If every stalk should bear one good ear there would be 11,100 ears per acre. One hundred good ears weighing twelve ounces each would give one bushel of shelled corn. Therefore this crop would amount to 114 bushels per acre. The only requisite for this profitable crop then, is that we should raise a variety of corn that produces no barren stalks and that will carry one good ear only upon every stalk. This seems to be a very simple matter, but many farmers would be surprised to learn how small a proportion of stalks in their fields carry even one ear. We have been selecting seed, and by all other means have been endeavoring to grow corn that should produce two good ears per stalk, and yet we have not succeeded in growing any that will on the average produce more than one ear for every two stalks. With the easy possibility of reaching one hundred bushels per acre if only fertile stalks were grown, yet farmers look upon one who talks of such a crop as too enthusiastic, if not foolish. It seems as though we had been all this time pursuing a wrong idea, or following a wrong course, and neglecting the most palpable and plain path to success. It is not to fertilize our ground so richly as to grow luxuriant stalks with two or three ears each in place of one; but to grow moderately sized stalks, each having an ear in place of those with none.

In passing through a fair-looking field of corn a number of stalks without ears will always be seen. It is these that dilute and lessen the value of the crop. Can we get rid of these by any means? It is certainly our business to do it if possible, just as we should weed out of our yards hens which lay no eggs, sows which produce no litters, cows without calves or mlik, and mares without foals; or cut out from our orchards trees that yield no fruit. As no farmer would tolerate such worthless stock so he should not tolerate barrenness in his cornfield. Among other many useful suggestions made by Dr. E. L. Sturtevant, of Massachusetts, who is one of our most scientific and practical farmers and agricultural investigators, we owe to him an idea that we think may be turned to the greatest advantage in improving our corn crops. It is to change the present character of this grain by a course of selection and breeding similar to that through which we have brought our live stock to such a high degree of profitable excellence. It is simply to discontinue the growing of barren stalks and prevent them from fertilizing the seed of the prolific ones. To do this, all those stalks which show no sign of an ear or silk (which is the female flower) when the tassel or male flowers appear, should be topped so as to deprive them of their powers of reproduction, should be emasculated in fact. We should lose nothing by this, because we should at least have the fodder, which is all we should get under any circumstances, but we should have the very important advantage of fertilizing the other plants with pollen from prolific stalks. Hence, we might expect in a very short time to so change the character and habits of the corn as to have every plant prolific and productive of at least one ear. If in time we could give the plant the habit of bearing twin ears, or three, four or more; and by the required system of fertilizing the soil secure so vigorous a growth as to mature these ears perfectly, then what a gain should we have made. To grow five acres of corn yielding 500 bushels would cost no more than it now costs to grow five acres yielding one hundred bushels, excepting the increased labor of husking and storing the ears, and only a fourth as much as it now costs to grow the 500 bushels on twenty acres. It is a very trite thing to say that the greatest profit lies in producing the greatest yield with the least possible labor and expense; yet farmers do not seem to look at it in that way, or else they are contented with very small profits, for it is plain to be seen that the small crops grown do not pay any adequate price for the labor of raising them. And so spend one's labor in growing fifty barren corn-stalks out of every hundred we grow, seems, unquestionably, to be a very poor business. We hope our readers will give this matter the thought and attention it deserves. There is nothing to lose by adopting the means of improving proposed, and there is a vast gain possible from it.—*New York Times.*

Household Notes.

To Clean Paint.—Take one ounce of pulverized borax, one pound of small pieces of best brown soap, and three quarts of water. Let it simmer till the soap is dissolved, stirring frequently. Do not let it boil. Use a piece of old flannel, and rinse off as soon as the paint is clean. This mixture is also good for washing clothes.

Waterproofing Cloth.—Imbue the cloth on the wrong side with a solution of isinglass, alum and soap, by means of a brush. When dry, brush on the wrong side against the grain, and then go over with a brush dipped in water. This makes the cloth impervious (for a long time) to water, not air.

Waterproof Boots and Shoes.—Linseed oil, one pint; suet, eight ounces; beeswax, six ounces; resin, one ounce. Mix together.

Calico Made Transparent and Waterproof.—Take six pints of pale linseed oil, two ounces of sugar of lead and eight ounces of white resin; the sugar of lead must be ground with a small quantity of it, and added to the remainder; the resin should be incorporated with the oil by means of a gentle heat. The composition may then be laid on calico, or any other such material, by means of a brush.

One Form of Rudeness.

A flagrant breach of politeness, and one which is most annoying to refined and sensitive people, is the very general practice of one's conversation. The impunity with which this is done has degraded rational conversation, which ought to be the greatest charm of social intercourse, into a proving fares. A man or woman who has anything to say that is worth saying, desires to say it in his or her own way; and those who have brains to appreciate it, will be equally desirous of hearing it without interruption. Yet it is a common thing for a parlor conversation to partake more of the babble of Babel, than a conversation among rational beings, who are supposed to know and appreciate what each othes says. One begins to relate an incident, and before he has finished two sentences, some parrot in fine clothes chimes in with her senseless gabble, breaking the thread of discourse, and compelling the narrator to begin again, or abandon the attempt to instruct or entertain.

This is the grossest impoliteness; it is as common an occurrence as conversation itself. It is not much to say, that nine out of every ten people who indulge in this habit are incapable of carrying on a rational conversation on any useful topic, and indulge in these breaches of etiquette by way of covering their retreat and hiding their ignorance.

We suggest to young people—and old ones, too, for that matter—that here is a promising field for social reform. Never interrupt a conversation by interjecting remarks, however appropriate and witty they may seem. All sensible people will respect you, and conclude that you have good sense, and know how to use it to the best advantage.

Indian Princes and Rubies.

The Indian princes and nobles are greedy of diamonds beyond all people, and there is but one country in the world in which any product of nature is held more precious than this wonderful combustible gem, whose nature indeed we know, but whose genesis is still a moot question for science. That country is Burmah, the land of the white elephant, where the finest rubies sheltered in earth's breast are found, and are rated far above diamonds. As the King of Siam prizes his cats, so the King of Burmah prizes the rubies of his country, jealously prohibiting the export of them, so that the beautiful aluminous stones—which do but glow with a clearer and richer color when they are exposed to fire in which the diamond would be consumed and disappear—can only be procured by stealth or favor by private individuals. No European has ever been permitted to see the king's wonderful ruby, "the size of a pigeon's egg and of extraordinary quality"; and the sale of the two magnificent rubies which were brought to England in 1875—the finest ever known in Europe—caused such excitement, that a military guard had to escort the persons conveying the package to the ship. Five days' journey southeast of Ava lies the home of the blood-red gems, the jealous earth in which the people believe that they ripen, becoming from their original colorlessness, yellow, green, blue, and, last of all, the matchless ruby red. Next to these rank the rubies which are found in the Tartar wilds of Badakshan, and which the people there believe are always found in pairs. When one of the seekers has discovered one he will frequently hide ti until its mate is found.